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**AMORETTI**



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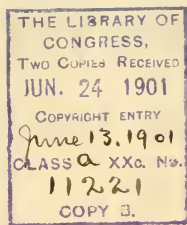
WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE

BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR  
ROBART NEEDHAM, KNIGHT

**S**IR, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name, to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie, this gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companie, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to give her deserved countenance, after her retourne: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeming your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.

## TO THE AUTHOR

**D**ARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is  
shrowded,  
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :  
But, when they see his glorious raies un-  
clouded,  
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way :  
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside ;  
The time, like night, deprivd of chearefull day ;  
And few do write, but (ah !) too soone may slide.  
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient  
pride,  
That do, for poesie, challenge cheefest name :  
So we that live, and ages that succeede,  
With great applause thy learned works shall  
reede.

G. W. SENIOR.

## TO THE AUTHOR

**A**H! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,  
Pypping to shepherds thy sweete rounde-  
laies :

Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,  
Heroick deedes of past or present daies ;  
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise,  
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;  
Thy muse hath got such grace and power to  
please,

With rare invention, bewtified by skill,  
As who therein can ever joy their fill !  
O! therefore let that happy muse proceede  
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,  
Where endles honour shall be made thy meede :  
Because no malice of succeeding daies  
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.<sup>c</sup>



# AMORETTI





APPY, ye leaves! when as  
those lilly hands,  
Which hold my life in their  
dead-doing might,  
Shall handle you, and hold in  
loves soft bands,  
Lyke captives trembling at the  
victors sight.

And happy lines! on which, with starry light,  
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to  
look,

And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.  
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke  
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;

When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;  
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please  
alone,

Whom if ye please, I care for other none!



**D**NQUIET thought ! whom at  
the first I bred  
Of th' inward bale of my love-  
pined hart ;  
And sithens have with sighes  
and sorrowes fed,  
Till greater then my wombe  
thou woxen art :


Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood ;  
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.

But, if in presence of that fayrest proud  
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;  
And, with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,  
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :

Which, if she graunt, then live, and my love  
cherish :

If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perish.



HE soverayne beauty which  
I doo admyre,  
Witnesse the world how  
worthy to be prayzed!  
The light whereof hath kin-  
dled heavenly fyre  
In my fraile spirit, by her from  
baseness raysed;

That, being now with her huge brightnesse  
dazed,

Base thing I can no more endure to view:

But, looking still on her, I stand amazed

At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.

So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,


It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;

And, when my pen would write her titles true,

It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:

Yet in my hart I then both speake and write

The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

EW yeare, forth looking out  
of Janus gate,  
Doth seeme to promise hope  
of new delight:  
And, bidding th' old Adieu,  
his passed date  
Bids all old thoughts to die  
in dumpish spright:  
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night  
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse  
bower,  
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.  
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre  
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;  
And warnes the Earth with divers-colord flowre  
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.  
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth  
doth raine,  
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.



UDELY thou wrongest my  
deare harts desire,  
In finding fault with her too  
portly pride:  
The thing which I doo most in  
her admire,  
Is of the world unworthy most  
envide:

For in those lofty lookes is close implide,  
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dis-  
honor:

Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,  
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.  
Such pride is praise; such portlinesse is honor;  
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies;  
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,  
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,  
Without some spark of such self-pleasing  
pride.



E nought dismayd that her  
unmoved mind

Doth still persist in her re-  
bellious pride :

Such love, not lyke to lusts of  
baser kynd,

The harder wonne, the firmer  
will abide.

The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,  
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;

But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide  
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven  
aspire.

So hard it is to kindle new desire

In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :

Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire  
With chast affects that naught but death can  
sever ;

Then thinke not long in taking litle paine  
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.



AYRE eyes! the myrroure of  
my mazed hart,  
What wondrous vertue is con-  
taynd in you,  
The which both lyfe and death  
forth from you dart,  
Into the object of your mighty  
view?

For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,  
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:  
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,  
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.  
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,  
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;  
That your bright beams, of my weak eies ad-  
myred,

May kindle living fire within my brest.

Such life should be the honor of your light,  
Such death the sad ensample of your might.



**M**ORE then most faire, full of  
the living fire,  
Kindled above unto the Maker  
neere ;  
No eies but joyes, in which al  
powers conspire,  
That to the world naught else  
be counted deare ;  
Thruh your bright beams doth not the blinded  
guest

Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;  
But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest  
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.  
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;  
You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake ;  
You calme the storne that passion did begin,  
Strong thruh your cause, but by your vertue  
weak.

Dark is the world, where your light shined  
never ;

Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.



LONG-WHILE I sought to  
what I might compare  
Those powrefull eies, which  
lighten my dark spright;  
Yet find I nought on earth, to  
which I dare  
Resemble th' ymage of their  
goodly light.

Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;  
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;  
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;  
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not ever;  
Nor to the Lightning; for they still persever;  
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;  
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;  
Nor unto Glasse; such baseness mought offend  
her.

Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,  
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.





UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of  
Love, what law is this,  
That me thou makest thus  
tormented be,  
The whiles she lordeth in li-  
centious blisse  
Of her freewill, scorning both  
thee and me?

See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see  
The huge massâcres which her eyes do make;  
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,  
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance  
take,

But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,  
And that high look, with which she doth comp-  
troll

All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,  
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equall sort,  
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain  
her sport.





AYLY when I do seeke and  
sew for peace,  
And hostages doe offer for my  
truth ;  
She, cruell Warriour, doth her-  
selfe addresse  
To battell, and the weary war  
renew'th ;

Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,  
To graunt small respite to my restlesse toile ;  
But greedily her fell intent pursuewth,  
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify :  
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,  
To force me live, and will not let me dy.

All paine hath end, and every war hath peace ;  
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.



NE day I sought with her hart-  
thrilling eies  
To make a truce, and termes  
to entertaine :  
All fearelesse then of so false  
enimies,  
Which sought me to entrap in  
treasons traine.  
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,  
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long  
In the close covert of her guilefull eyen,  
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me  
throng,  
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,  
Was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands ;  
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous  
wrong,  
Have ever since me kept in cruell bands.  
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,  
Against your eies, that justice I may gaine.



N that proud port, which her  
so goodly graceth,  
Whiles her faire face she  
reares up to the skie,  
And to the ground her eie-lids  
low embaseth,  
Most goodly temperature ye  
may descry;  
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majesty.  
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,  
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,  
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.  
But that same lofty countenance seemes to  
scorne  
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may  
clime;  
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,  
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy  
slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;  
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

**D**ETOURNE agayne, my forces  
late dismayd,  
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.  
Great shame it is to leave, like  
one afrayd,  
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light,  
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater  
might  
Then those small forts which ye were wont  
belay :  
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,  
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.  
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,  
And lay incessant battery to her heart ;  
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay ;  
Those engins can the proudest love convert :  
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before  
her ;  
So dying live, and living do adore her.



THE tradefull Merchants, that,  
with weary toyle,  
Do seeke most pretious things  
to make your gain;  
And both the Indias of their  
treasure spoile;  
What needeth you to seeke so  
farre in vaine?

For loe, my love doth in her selfe containe  
All this worlds riches that may farre be found :  
If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine ;  
If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound ;  
If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and  
round ;  
If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene ;  
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground ;  
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene :  
But that which fairest is, but few behold,  
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.



NE day as I unwarily did gaze  
On those fayre eyes, my loves  
immortall light;  
The whiles my stonisht hart  
stood in amaze,  
Through sweet illusion of her  
lookes delight;  
I mote perceive how, in her  
glauncing sight,  
Legions of loves with little wings did fly;  
Darting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,  
At every rash beholder passing by.  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:  
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,  
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.  
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;  
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.



THE glorious pourtraict of that  
Angels face,  
Made to amaze weake mens  
confused skil,  
And this worlds worthlesse  
glory to embase,  
What pen, what pencill, can  
expresse her fill?

For though he colours could devize at will,  
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should  
spill;

Yet many wondrous things there are beside:  
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes  
glide;


The charming smiles, that rob sence from the  
hart;

The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;  
Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth  
neede,

That can expresse the life of things indeed.




 HE rolling wheele that run-  
neth often round,  
The hardest steele, in tract of  
time doth teare :  
And drizzling drops, that often  
doe redound,  
The firmest flint doth in con-  
tinuance weare :

Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare  
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart ;  
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,  
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart ;  
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part ;  
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but  
water,

And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art ;  
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to  
laughter.

So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,  
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still re-  
mayne.



HE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,  
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,  
That warnes al lovers wayt upon their king,  
Who now is comming forth with girland crouned.

With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded,

Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,  
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their layes.

But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,

No word was heard of her that most it ought;

But she his precept proudly disobayes,

And doth his ydle message set at nought.

Therefore, O Love, unless she turne to thee  
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

**I**N vaine I seeke and sew to  
her for grace,  
And doe myne humbled hart  
before her poure ;  
The whiles her foot she in my  
necke doth place,  
And tread my life downe in  
the lowly floure.

And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,  
And reigneth over every beast in field,  
In his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure  
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.  
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,  
Then either Lyon or the Lyonesse ;  
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,  
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.

Fayrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,  
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.



AS it the worke of Nature or  
of Art,  
Which tempred so the feature  
of her face,  
That pride and meeknesse,  
mixt by equall part,  
Doe both appeare t' adorne her  
beauties grace?

For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-  
place,

She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;

And, with sterne countenance, back again doth  
chace

Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;

With such strange termes her eyes she doth  
inure,

That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;

And with another doth it streight recure;

Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives  
away.

Thus doth she traine and teach me with her  
lookes;

Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!



HIS holy season, fit to fast  
and pray,  
Men to devotion ought to be  
inclynd;  
Therefore, I lykewise, on so  
holy day,  
For my sweet Saynt some  
service fit will find.

Her temple fayre is built within my mind,  
In which her glorious ymage placed is;  
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,  
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse!  
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,  
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;  
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,  
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:  
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,  
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.



ENELOPE, for her Uliſſes  
ſake,

Deviz'd a Web her wooers to  
deceave;

In which the worke that ſhe  
all day did make,

The ſame at night ſhe did  
again ſeave :

Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,  
Th' importune ſuit of my deſire to ſhonne :

For all that I in many dayes doo weave,

In one ſhort houre I find by her undone.

So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,

I muſt begin and never bring to end :

For with one looke ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne ;

And with one word my whole years work doth  
rend.

Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,

Whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt  
wynd.



WHEN I behold that beauties  
wonderment,  
And rare perfection of each  
goodly part;  
Of natures skill the onely com-  
plement;  
I honor and admire the Mak-  
ers art.

But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,  
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in  
mee,

That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart;  
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,  
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree  
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send;  
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,  
For all their faults with which they did offend.

But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,  
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

**H**OW long shall this lyke dying  
lyfe endure,  
And know no end of her owne  
mysery,  
But wast and weare away in  
termes unsure,  
Twixt feare and hope depend-  
ing doubtfully!

Yet better were attonce to let me die,  
And shew the last ensample of your pride;  
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,  
To prove your powre, which I too well have  
tride.

But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide  
A close intent at last to shew me grace;  
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;  
And wish that more and greater they might be,  
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.





WEET is the Rose, but growes  
upon a brere ;  
Sweet is the Junipere, but  
sharpe his bough ;  
Sweet is the Eglantine, but  
pricketh nere ;  
Sweet is the Firbloome, but  
his braunche is rough ;  
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough ;  
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;  
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre  
enough ;  
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.  
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more :  
For easie things, that may be got at will,  
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine.  
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine !



**F**AIRE Proud! now tell me,  
why should faire be proud,  
Sith all worlds glorie is but  
drosse uncleane,  
And in the shade of death it  
selfe shall shroud,  
However now thereof ye little  
weene!

That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,  
Shall doffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre,  
And be forgot as it had never beene;  
That many now much worship and admire!  
Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,  
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,  
Shall to your purchas with her thankles paine!  
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish!  
But that, which shall you make immortall  
cherish.



HE laurel-leafe, which you  
this day doe weare,  
Gives me great hope of your  
relenting mynd :  
For since it is the badge which  
I doe beare,  
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me  
inclind :

The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,  
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire  
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves  
attyre :

Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,  
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie :  
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,  
Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.

Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus  
chace,  
But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.



EE! how the stubborne dam-  
zell doth deprave  
My simple meaning with dis-  
daynfull scorne;  
And by the bay, which I unto  
her gave,  
Accoumpts my self her captive  
quite forlorne.

The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,  
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,  
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,  
To sing the glory of their famous deedes.  
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,  
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall:  
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,  
I may in trump of fame blaze over-all.

Then would I decke her head with glorious  
bayes,  
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.



MY love is lyke to yse, and I to  
fyre;  
How comes it then that this  
her cold so great  
Is not dissolv'd through my  
so hot desyre.  
But harder growes the more  
I her intreat!  
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold;  
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,  
And feele my flames augmented manifold!  
What more miraculous thing may be told,  
That fire, which all things melts, should harden  
yse;  
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse  
cold,  
Should kindle fyre by wonderfull devyse!  
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,  
That it can alter all the course of kynd.



H ! why hath nature to so hard  
a hart

Given so goodly giftes of beau-  
ties grace !

Whose pryde depraves each  
other better part,

And all those pretious orna-  
ments deface.

Sith to all other beastes of bloody race

A dreadfull countenance she given hath ;

That with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,

And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.

But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,

Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew ;

That she the better may in bloody bath

Of such poor thralls her cruell hands embrew.

But, did she know how ill these two accord,

Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.



HE paynefull smith, with force  
of fervent heat,  
The hardest yron soone doth  
mollify ;  
That with his heavy sledge he  
can it beat,  
And fashion to what he it list  
apply.

Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,  
Her hart more harde then yron soft a whit :  
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I  
Doe beat on th' anvile of her stubberne wit  
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,  
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde ;  
And harder growes, the harder she is smit  
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.

What then remains but I to ashes burne,  
And she to stones at length all frosen turne !



REAT wrong I doe, I can it  
not deny,  
To that most sacred Em-  
presse, my dear dred,  
Not finishing her Queene of  
Faëry,  
That mote enlarge her living  
praises, dead.

But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;  
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it  
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,  
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?  
How then should I, without another wit,  
Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle!  
Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit  
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.

Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me  
rest;

Or lend you me another living brest.





YKE as a ship, that through  
the Ocean wyde,  
By conduct of some star, doth  
make her way;  
Whenas a storme hath dimd  
her trusty guyde,  
Out of her course doth wander  
far astray!

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray  
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,  
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me plast;  
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,  
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,  
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,  
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,  
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,  
In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.





Y hungry eyes, through greedy  
covetize

Still to behold the object of  
their paine,

With no contentment can  
themselves suffice ;

But, having, pine ; and, hav-  
ing not, complaine.

For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne ;

And, having it, they gaze on it the more ;

In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,

Whose eyes him starv'd : so plenty makes me  
poore.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store

Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,

But lothe the things which they did like before,

And can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,

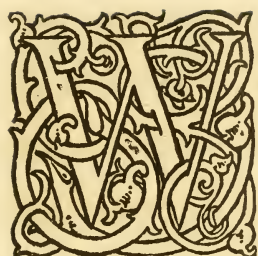
And all their showes but shadowes, saving  
she.



TELL me, when shall these  
wearie woes have end,  
Or shall their ruthlesse tor-  
ment never cease;  
But al my dayes in pining lan-  
gour spend,  
Without hope of aswagement  
or release?

Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace.  
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;  
But that their cruelty doth still increace,  
And dayly more augment my miseryes?  
But, when ye have shewd all extremityes,  
Then thinke how litle glory ye have gayned  
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despyse,  
Mote have your life in honour long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps will  
mone,  
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.



HAT guyle is this, that those  
her golden tresses  
She doth attyre under a net of  
gold ;  
And with sly skill so cunningly  
them dresses,  
That which is gold, or heare,  
may scarce be told ?

Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,  
She may entangle in that golden snare ;  
And, being caught, may craftily enfold  
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?  
Take heed, therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe  
stare

Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,  
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,  
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.

Fondnesse it were for any, being free,  
To covet fetters, though they golden bee !



RION, when, through tem-  
pests cruel wracke,  
He forth was thrown into the  
greedy seas ;  
Through the sweet musick,  
which his harp did make,  
Allur'd a Dolphin him from  
death to ease.

✓ But my rude musick, which was wont to please  
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,  
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,  
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn will,  
But in her pride she dooth persever still.

All carelesse how my life for her decayes :  
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.

To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !

Chose rather to be prayds for dooing good,  
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.



WEET Smile! the daughter  
of the Queene of Love,  
Expressing all thy mothers  
powrefull art.

With which she wants to tem-  
per angry Jove,

When all the gods he threats  
with thundring dart:

Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.

For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,

A melting pleasance ran through every part,

And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.

Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly  
madnes,

My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce;

And feeling thence, no more her sorowes sad-  
nesse,

Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce.

More sweet than Nectar, or Ambrosiall meat,

Seemd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.



ARK when she smiles with  
amiable cheare,  
And tell me whereto can ye  
lyken it;  
When on each eyelid sweetly  
doe appeare  
An hundred Graces as in  
shade to sit.

Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,  
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;  
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,  
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly  
ray;

At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,  
And every beast that to his den was fled,  
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,  
And to the light lift up theyr drouping hed.

So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared  
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are  
cleared.


**I**S it her nature, or is it her  
will,  
To be so cruell to an humbled  
foe?  
If nature; then she may it  
mend with skill:  
If will; then she at will may  
will forgoe.

But if her nature and her wil be so,  
That she will plague the man that loves her  
most,

And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;  
Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost:  
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast  
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,  
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,  
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.

O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,  
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.



HE love which me so cruelly  
tormenteth,  
So pleasing is in my extreame-  
est paine,  
That, all the more my sorrow  
it augmenteth,  
The more I love and doe em-  
brace my bane.

Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
To be acquit fro my continual smart;  
But joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,  
And yield for pledge my poor captyvèd hart;  
The which, that it from her may never start,  
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant  
chayne:

And from all wandring loves, which mote per-  
vart

His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.

Onely let her abstaine from cruelty.

And doe me not before my time to dy.





HALL I then silent be, or shall  
I speake?

And, if I speake, her wrath  
renew I shall ;

And, if I silent be, my hart will  
breake,

Or choked be with overflow-  
ing gall.

What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,  
And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie ;  
That nether I may speake nor thinke at all,  
But like a stupid stock in silence die !

Yet I my hart with silence secretly  
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead ;  
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,  
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read ;

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought  
can spel,

Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe  
well.



**W**HEN those renoumed noble  
Peres of Greece,  
Through stubborn pride,  
amongst themselves did jar,  
Forgetfull of the famous gold-  
en fleece;  
Then Orpheus with his harp  
theyr strife did bar.

But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,  
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;  
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid  
arre;

No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.  
But, when in hand my tuneleese harp I take,  
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;  
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake  
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.

Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle  
peace.

The more I fynd their malice to increase.

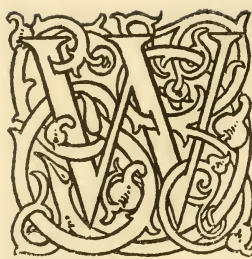


LEAVE, lady! in your glasse  
of cristall clene,  
Your goodly selfe for evermore  
to vew:

And in my selfe, my inward  
selfe, I meane,  
Most lively lyke behold your  
semblant trew.

Within my hart, though hardly it can shew  
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,  
The fayre Idea of your celestiall hew  
And every part remaines immortally:  
And were it not that, through your cruelty,  
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,  
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,  
Clearer then cristall, would therein appere.

But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,  
Remove the cause by which your fayre  
beames darkned be.

HEN my abodes prefixed time  
is spent,  
My cruell fayre streight bids  
me wend my way :  
But then from heave<sup>n</sup> most  
hideous stormes are sent,  
As willing me against her will  
to stay.

Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey ?  
The heavens know best what is the best for me :  
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,  
My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.  
But ye high heavens, that all this sorowe see,  
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,  
Aswage your storms ; or else both you, and she,  
Will both together me too sorely wracke.

Enough it is for one man to sustaine  
The stormes, which she alone on me doth  
raine.



**T**RUST not the treason of those  
smyling lookes,  
Untill ye have theyr guylefull  
traynes well tryde :  
For they are lyke but unto  
golden hookes,  
That from the foolish fish  
theyr bayts doe hyde :

So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth  
guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay ;  
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell  
pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray :  
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,  
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle ;  
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,  
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.

O mighty charm ! which makes men love  
theyr bane,

And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with  
payne.



INNOCENT paper ; whom too  
cruell hand  
Did make the matter to avenge  
her yre :  
And, ere she could thy cause  
wel understand,  
Did sacrificize unto the greedy  
fyre.

Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,  
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned ;  
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,  
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.  
Whom she, all carelesse of his grieve con-  
strayned

To utter forth the anguish of his hart :  
And would not heare, when he to her com-  
playned

The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,  
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.



AYRE cruell! why are ye so  
fierce and cruell?

Is it because your eyes have  
powre to kill?

Then know that mercy is the  
Mighties jewell:

And greater glory thinke, to  
save then spill.

But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,  
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;  
Then not on him that never thought you ill,  
But bend your force against your enemyes:  
Let them feele the utmost of your crueltyes;  
And kill with looks as Cockatrices doo:  
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,  
With mercifull regard give mercy too.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;  
So shall you live, by giving life to me.





LONG languishing in double  
malady  
Of my harts wound, and of my  
bodies grieve;  
There came to me a leach, that  
would apply  
Fit medicines for my bodies  
best reliefe.

Vayne man, quod I, that hast but little priefe  
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;  
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,  
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?  
Then, with some cordialls, seeke first to appease  
The inward languor of my wounded hart,  
And then my body shall have shortly ease:  
But such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.  
Then, my lyfes Leach! doe your skill reveale;  
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.





DOE I not see that fayrest  
ymages  
Of hardest marble are of pur-  
pose made,  
For that they should endure  
through many ages,  
Ne let theyr famous moni-  
ments to fade?

Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,  
Her hardnes blame, which I should more com-  
mend?

Sith neve rought was excellent assayde  
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to  
end.

Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,  
Mote soften it and to his will allure:  
So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,  
And that it then more stedfast will endure:

Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,  
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater.



O oft as homeward I from her  
depart,  
I goe lyke one that, having lost  
the field,  
Is prisoner led away with  
heavy hart,  
Despoyld of warlike armes and  
knownen shield.

So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld  
To sorrow and to solitary paine ;  
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,  
Long-while alone in langour to remaine.  
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,  
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed ;  
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne  
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.

So I her absens will my penaunce make,  
That of her presens I my meed may take.



THE Panther, knowing that his  
spotted hyde  
Doth please all beasts, but that  
his looks them fray ;  
Within a bush his dreadfull  
head doth hide,  
To let them gaze, whylest he  
on them may pray :

Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play ;  
For, with the goodly semblant of her hew,  
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
And then no mercy will unto me shew.  
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,  
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,  
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew :  
Good shames to be to ill an instrument !

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,  
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

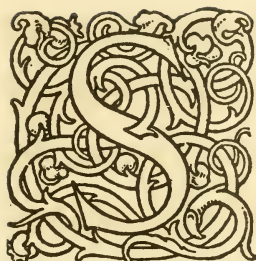


F this worlds Theatre in which  
we stay,  
My love, lyke the Spectator,  
ydly sits;  
Beholding me, that all the  
pageants play,  
Disguysing diversly my troub-  
led wits.

Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,  
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy :  
Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,  
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.  
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,  
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart :  
But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,  
She laughes, and hardens evermore her hart.

What then can move her? if nor merth nor  
mone,

She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.



O oft as I her beauty doe be-  
hold,  
And therewith doe her cruelty  
compare,  
I marvaile of what substance  
was the mould,  
The which her made attonce  
so cruell faire.

Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly  
are :

Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre :

Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare :

Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.

Then needs another Element inquire

Whereof she mote be made, that is, the skye.

For to the heaven her haughty lookes aspire :

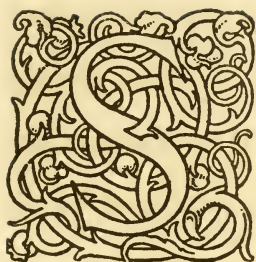
And eke her mind is pure immortall hye.

Then, sith so heaven ye lykened are the best,  
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.



FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell  
and unkind,  
As is a Tygre, that with greed-  
inesse  
Hunts after bloud; when he  
by chance doth find  
A feeble beast, doth felly him  
oppresse.

Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pittillesse,  
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;  
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.  
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,  
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods:  
Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,  
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,  
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.



WEET warriour! when shall  
I have peace with you?  
High time it is this warre now  
ended were  
Which I no lenger can endure  
to sue,  
Ne your incessant battry more  
to beare:

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, ap-  
peare,

That wonder is how I should live a jot,  
Seeing my hart through-launched every where  
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have  
shot:

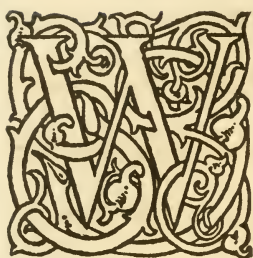
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,  
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.  
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,  
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!

Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely  
grace,

That al my wounds wil heale in little space.



*By her that is most assured to her selfe.*



**W**EAKE is th' assurance that  
weake flesh reposeth  
In her owne powre, and scorn-  
eth others ayde;  
That soonest fals, when as she  
most supposeth  
Her selfe assur'd, and is of  
nought affrayd.

All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,  
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre :  
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have  
prayd,

Her glories pride that none may it repayre.  
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,  
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance;  
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,  
Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath endur-  
aunce.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so  
farre,  
That to your selfe ye most assured arre !





ARRISE happie she ! that is so  
well assured

Unto her selfe, and setled so in  
hart,

That nether will for better be  
allured,

Ne feard with worse to any  
chaunce to start ;

But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part

The raging waves, and keepes her course aright ;

Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,

Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.

Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight

Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends :

But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,

Nether to one her selfe nor other bends.


Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest ;

But he most happy, who such one loves best.

**T**HEY, that in course of heaven-  
ly spheares are skild,  
To every planet point his sun-  
dry yeare :  
In which her circles voyage is  
fulfild,  
As Mars in three-score yeares  
doth run his spheare.

So, since the winged god his planet cleare  
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent :  
The which doth longer unto me appeare,  
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.  
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,  
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes :  
Which I have wasted in long languishment,  
That seemd the longer for my greater paines.

But let my loves fayre Planet short her wayes,  
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

HE glorious image of the  
Makers beautie,  
My soverayne saynt, the Idoll  
of my thought,  
Dare not henceforth, above the  
bounds of dewtie,  
T' accuse of pride, or rashly  
blame for ought.

For being, as she is, divinely wrought,  
And of the brood of Angels hevenly borne;  
And with the crew of blessed Saynts upbrought,  
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;  
The bud of joy, the blossome of the morne,  
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;  
What reason is it then but she should scorne  
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!

Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt  
be,

Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.



HE weary yeare his race now  
having run,  
The new begins his compast  
course anew :  
With shew of morning mylde  
he hath begun,  
Betokening peace and plenty  
to ensew.

So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,  
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives  
amend ;

The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,  
And fly the faults with which we did offend.  
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send,  
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :  
And all these stormes, which now his beauty  
blend,

Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.

So, likewise, Love ! cheare you your heavy  
spright,

And chaunge old yeares annoy to new de-  
light.

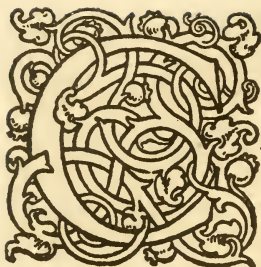


FTER long stormes and tem-  
pests sad assay,  
Which hardly I endured here-  
tofore,  
In dread of death, and daun-  
gerous dismay,  
With which my silly barke  
was tossed sore :

I doe at length descry the happy shore,  
In which I hope ere long for to arryve :  
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught  
with store

Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.  
Most happy he ! that can at last atchyve  
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest ;  
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive  
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.

All paines are nothing in respect of this ;  
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.



COMING to kisse her lyps,  
(such grace I found,)  
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of  
sweet flowres,  
That dainty odours from them  
threw around,  
For damzels fit to decke their  
lovers bowres.

Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers;  
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red;  
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamoures;  
Her lovely eyes, lyke Pincks but newly spred;  
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed;  
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes;  
Her brest, lyke Lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed;  
Her nipples, lyke yong blossomed Jessemynes:  
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous  
smell;  
But her sweet odour did them all excell.



HE doubt which ye misdeeme,  
fayre love, is vaine,  
That fondly feare to loose your  
liberty ;  
When, loosing one, two liber-  
ties ye gayne,  
And make him bond that bond-  
age earst dyd fly.

Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth  
tye

Without constraynt, or dread of any ill :

The gentle birde feeles no captivity

Within her cage ; but singes, and feeds her fill.

There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill

The league twixt them, that loyal love hath  
bound :


But simple truth, and mutuall good-will,

Seekes with sweet peace, to salve each others  
wound :

There Fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen  
towre,

And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred  
bowre.



 O all those happy blessings,  
which ye have  
With plenteous hand by heav-  
en upon you thrown;  
This one disparagement they  
to you gave,  
That ye your love lent to so  
meane a one.

Yee, whose high worths surpassing paragon  
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,  
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,  
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?  
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,  
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere:  
For, now your light doth more itselfe dilate,  
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare,  
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,  
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.



YKE as a huntsman after  
weary chace,  
Seeing the game from him  
escapt away,  
Sits downe to rest him in some  
shady place,  
With panting hounds beguiled  
of their pray :

So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,  
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,  
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,  
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:  
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,  
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;  
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,  
And with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.

Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so  
wyld,

So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.



**M**OST glorious Lord of lyfe!  
that, on this day,  
Didst make thy triumph over  
death and sin;  
And, having harrowd hell,  
didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us  
to win:

This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,  
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from  
sin,

May live for ever in felicity!  
And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
May likewise love thee for the same againe;  
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,  
With love may one another entertayne!

So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:  
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.



HE famous warriors of anticke world  
Used Trophees to erect in  
stately wize;  
In which they would the records have enrold  
Of theyr great deeds and val-  
orous emprize.

What trophee then shall I most fit devize,  
In which I may record the memory  
Of my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,  
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!  
Even this verse, vowd to eternity,  
Shall be thereof immortall monument;  
And tell her prayse to all posterity,  
That may admire such worlds rare wonder-  
ment;  
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,  
Gotton at last with labour and long toyle.

**F**RESH Spring, the herald of  
loves mighty king,  
In whose cote-armour richly  
are displayd  
All sorts of flowers, the which  
on earth do spring,  
In goodly colours gloriously  
arrayd;

Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,  
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;  
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,  
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;  
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,  
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;  
Where every one, that misseth then her make,  
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew,  
Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is  
prime;  
For none can call againe the passed time.



JOY to see how, in your draw-  
en work,  
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe  
compare;  
And me unto the Sylder, that  
doth lurke  
In close awayt, to catch her  
unaware:

Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare  
Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love;  
In whose streight bands ye now captived are  
So firmly, that ye never may remove.  
But as your worke is woven all above  
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine;  
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,  
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.  
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see  
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.



FT, when my spirit doth spread  
her bolder winges,  
In mind to mount up to the  
purest sky;  
It down is weighd with thought  
of earthly things,  
And clogd with burden of mor-  
tality;

Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,  
Resembling heavens glory in her light,  
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth  
fly,

And unto heaven forgets her former flight.  
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,  
Doth bath in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;  
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might  
Her harts desire with most contentment please.

Hart need not wish none other happinesse,  
But here on earth to have such heavens blisse.





BEING my self captvyed here  
in care,

My hart, (whom none with  
servile bands can tye,

But the fayre tresses of your  
golden hayre,)

Breaking his prison, forth to  
you doth fly.

Lyke as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy  
Desired food, to it doth make his flight :

Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye  
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.

Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright  
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall :

Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,  
To sing your name and prayses over-all :

That it hereafter may you not repent,

Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.



MOST happy letters! fram'd by  
skilfull trade,  
With which that happy name  
was first desynd,  
The which three times thrise  
happy hath me made,  
With guifts of body, fortune,  
and of mind.

The first my being to me gave by kind,  
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:  
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,  
That honour and large richesse to me lent:  
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,  
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed:  
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,  
Of all alive most worthy to be prayseed.

Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,  
That three such graces did unto me give.



NE day I wrote her name upon  
the strand;  
But came the waves, and  
washed it away:  
Agayne, I wrote it with a sec-  
ond hand;  
But came the tyde, and made  
my paynes his pray.  
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay  
A mortall thing so to immortalize;  
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,  
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewise.  
Not so, quod I; let baser things devise  
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.

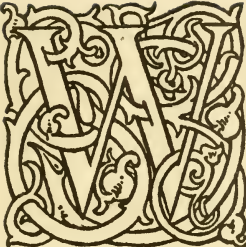
Where, whenas death shall all the world  
subdew,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew.



AYRE bosome ! fraught with  
vertues richest tresure,  
The neast of love, the lodging  
of delight,  
The bowre of blisse, the para-  
dice of pleasure,  
The sacred harbour of that  
heavenly spright ;


How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,  
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray !  
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight;  
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray ;  
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,  
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)  
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,  
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.

Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,  
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

 AS it a dreame, or did I see it  
playne;  
A goodly table of pure yvory,  
All spred with juncats, fit to  
entertayne  
The greatest Prince with  
pompous roialty:  
Mongst which, there in a silver  
dish did ly

Twoo golden apples of unvalewd price;  
Far passing those which Hercules came by,  
Or those which Atalanta did entice;  
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;  
That many sought, yet none could ever taste;  
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice  
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.

Her brest that table was, so richly spredd;  
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon  
have fedd.

ACKYNG my love, I go from  
place to place,  
Lyke a young fawne, that late  
hath lost the hynd;  
And seeke each where, where  
last I sawe her face,  
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh  
in mynd.

I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;  
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;  
Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd;  
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:  
But, when myne eyes I thereunto direct,  
They ydly back returne to me agayne:  
And, when I hope to see theyr trew object,  
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.

Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to  
see;

And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

**M**EN call you fayre, and you  
doe credit it,  
For that your selfe ye dayly  
such doe see :  
But the trew fayre, that is the  
gentle wit,  
And vertuous mind, is much  
more praysd of me :  
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,  
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious  
hew ;  
But onely that is permanent and free  
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.  
That is true beautie : that doth argue you  
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed ;  
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al  
true  
And perfect beauty did at first proceed :  
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made ;  
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.





AFTER so long a race as I have  
run  
Through Faery land, which  
those six books compile,  
Give leave to rest me being  
halfe fordonne,  
And gather to myselfe new  
breath awhile.

Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,  
Out of my prison I will breake anew ;  
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,  
With strong endeavour and attention dew.  
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew  
To sport my muse, and sing my loves sweet  
praise ;

The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,  
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse,  
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,  
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.



AYRE is my love, when her  
fayre golden heares  
With the loose wynd ye wav-  
ing chance to marke ;  
Fayre, when the rose in her  
red cheekes appeares ;  
Or in her eyes the fyre of love  
does sparke.

Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,  
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay ;  
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft  
doth dark

Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.  
But fayrest she, when so she doth display  
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;  
Throgh which her words so wise do make their  
way

To beare the message of her gentle spright.  
The rest be works of natures wonderment :  
But this the worke of harts astonishment.



JOY of my life ! full oft for lov-  
ing you  
I blesse my lot, that was so  
lucky placed :  
But then the more your owne  
mishap I rew,  
That are so much by so meane  
love embased.

For, had the equall hevens so much you graced  
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent  
Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have en-  
chased

Your glorious name in golden moniment.  
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent  
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;  
That little, that I am, shall all be spent  
In setting your immortall prayses forth :  
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,  
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.



ET not one sparke of filthy  
lustfull fyre  
Breake out, that may her sa-  
cred peace molest;  
Ne one light glance of sensuall  
desyre  
Attempt to work her gentle  
minde unrest:

But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,  
And modest thoughts breathd from wel-tempred  
sprites,

Goe visit her in her chast bowre of rest

Accompanyde with angelick delightes.

There fill your selfe with those most joyous  
sights,

The which my selfe could never yet attayne:

But speake no word to her of these sad plights,

Which her too constant stiffenesse doth con-  
strayn.

Onely behold her rare perfection.

And blesse your fortunes fayre election.



HE world that cannot deeme  
of worthy things,  
When I doe praise her, say I  
doe but flatter:  
So does the Cuckow, when the  
Mavis sings,  
Begin his witlesse note apace  
to clatter.

But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,  
All that they know not envy or admyre;  
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,  
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.  
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,  
Her worth is written with a golden quill,  
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,  
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.  
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shal  
thunder,  
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.



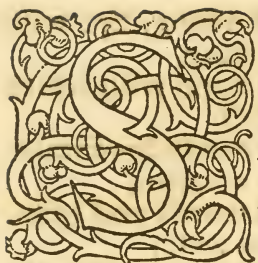
ENEMOUS tounge, tipt with  
vile adders sting,  
Of that selfe kynd with which  
the Furies fell

Theyr snaky heads doe combe,  
from which a spring  
Of poysoned words and spite-  
full speeches well ;

Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell  
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre  
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,  
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre ;  
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,  
And, catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,  
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile con-  
spire

In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !  
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy re-  
ward,

Dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !



SINCE I did leave the presence  
of my love,  
Many long weary dayes I have  
outworne;  
And many nights, that slowly  
seemd to move  
Theyr sad protract from even-  
ing untill morne.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end:  
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend.  
Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
And faine my grieve with chaunges to beguile,  
That further seemes his terme still to extend,  
And maketh every minute seeme a myle.

So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last;  
But joyous houres doe fly away too fast.





INCE I have lackt the comfort  
of that light,  
The which was wont to lead  
my thoughts astray;  
I wander as in darkenesse of  
the night,  
Affrayd of every dangers least  
dismay.

Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,  
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,  
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,  
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie re-  
mayne.

Of which beholding the Idæa playne,  
Through contemplation of my purest part,  
With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,  
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.

But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my  
mind,

I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.



LYKE as the Culver, on the  
bared bough,  
Sits mourning for the absence  
of her mate;  
And, in her songs, sends many  
a wishfull vow  
For his returne that seemes to  
linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love,  
And, wandering here and there all desolate,  
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful  
dove.

Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove  
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight:  
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can  
move,

In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,  
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

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